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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

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Date obolum Beliſario.

A Philoſopher, as I am, who contemplates the world with ſerious reflection, will be ſtruck with nothing in it more than its viciſſitudes. If he has lived any time, he muſt have had ample opportunities of exerciſing his meditation on the vanity of all ſublunary conditions. The change of empires, the fall of miniſters, the exaltation of obſcure perſons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the firſt paſſages in hiſtory which made an impreſſion upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionyſius, who from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach ſchool at Corinth.

Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cauſe of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppreſſion, and to be taught to know one's ſelf) I could not help feeling that ſort of ſuperſtitious pity which always attends royalty in diſtreſs. Who ever peruſed the ſtories of Edward the ſecond, Richard the ſecond, or Charles the firſt, but forgot their exceſſes, and ſighed for their cataſtrophe? In this free-ſpirited iſland there are not more hands ready to puniſh tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common caſe: we are Romans in reſiſting oppreſſion, very women in lamenting oppreſſors!

If (and I think it cannot be conteſted) there is generoſity in theſe ſenſations, ought we not doubly to feel ſuch emotions, in caſes where regal virtue is become the ſport of fortune? This iſland ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majeſty, as it has been the ſcourge of offending majeſty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an aſylum for the martyrs of ſo bad a cauſe, Britain ought to ſhelter ſuch princes as have been victims for liberty——whenever ſo great a curioſity is ſeen, as a prince contending on the honeſt ſide.

How muſt I bluſh then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually ſuffered to languiſh for debt in one of the common priſons of this city! A monarch, whoſe courage raiſed him to a throne, not by a ſucceſſion of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon reſolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore king of Corſica! A man, whoſe claim to royalty is as indiſputable, as the moſt ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his

his ſubjects: the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent gothic conſtitutions, from whence we derive our own; the ſame kind of title, which endears the preſent Royal Family to Engliſhmen; and the only kind of title, againſt which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

THIS prince (on whoſe hiſtory I ſhall not at preſent enlarge) after having bravely expoſed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his ſubjects, miſcarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he ſtruggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy, or ſolicitation of ſuccours could attempt, to recover his crown. At laſt, when he had diſcharged his duty to his ſubjects and himſelf, he choſe this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious eaſe, but to enjoy the participation of thoſe bleſſings, which he had ſo vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corſicans. Here for ſome months he bore with more philoſophic dignity the loſs of his crown, than Charles the fifth, Caſimir of Poland, or any of thoſe viſionaries, who wantonly reſigned theirs, to partake the ſluggiſh indolence, and at length the diſquiets of a cloyſter. THEODORE, though reſigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almoſt lifted our James the ſecond to the ſupreme honour of monkiſh ſainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wiſhed for a ſpeedy peace between France and Great Britain, "*for* "*then*, ſaid he, *we ſhall get Engliſh horſes eaſily*."

THE veracity of an hiſtorian obliges me not to diſguiſe the ſituation of his Corſican majeſty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a priſoner for debt in the King's Bench: and ſo cruelly has fortune exerciſed her rigours upon him, that laſt ſeſſion of parliament he was examined

ned before a committee of the houſe of commons, on the hardſhips to which the priſoners in that goal had been ſubject. Yet let not ill-nature make ſport with theſe misfortunes! His majeſty had nothing to bluſh at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his diſtreſſes. The debts on his civil liſt were owing to no miſapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his miniſters, no indulgence to favourites or miſtreſſes. His diet was philoſophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor, could not continue to ſupply an eſtabliſhment, which had no demeſnes to ſupport it, no taxes to maintain it, no exciſes, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A Nation ſo generous, ſo renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cauſe of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this diſtreſſed king, to grant him it's protection and compaſſion. If political reaſons forbid the open eſpouſal of his cauſe, pity commands the aſſiſtance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at preſent that our gallant youth ſhould offer themſelves as volunteers in his ſervice, nor do I expect to have a ſmall fleet fitted out at the expence of particular perſons to convey him and his hopes to Corſica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majeſty to accept ſuch a ſupply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raiſing a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age, nor would Aſiatic monarchs have bluſhed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be ſaid, that the ſame humane and polite age

raiſed

raiſed a monument to Shakeſpear, a fortune for Milton's grand-daughter, and a ſubſidy for a captive-king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. The incomparable actor who ſo exquiſitely touches the paſſions and diſtreſſes of ſelf-dethroned Lear, (a play which from ſome ſimilitude of circumſtances I ſhould recommend for the benefit) will I dare to ſay, willingly exert his irreſiſtible talents in behalf of fallen majeſty, and be a competitor with Louis le grand for the fame which reſults from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's Bench as renowned for Garrick's generoſity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the third's treatment of king John of France!

IN the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to ſo narrow a ſphere as the theatre, I muſt acquaint my readers, that a ſubſcription for a ſubſidy for the uſe of his Corſican majeſty, is opened at Tully's head in Pall-Mall, where all the Generous and the Fair are deſired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodſley, who is appointed high-treaſurer and grand-librarian of the iſland of Corſica for life——poſts, which give me leave to ſay, Mr. Dodſley would have diſdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookſeller of Rome, while Rome ſurviv'd,
Would not have been lord-treaſ'rer to a king.

I am under ſome apprehenſions that the intended ſubſcription will not be ſo univerſal as for the honour of my country I wiſh it. I foreſee that the partizans of indefeaſible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed ſmall and inconſiderable